The Father of 1,000 Children.

[London Globe.]

An old man has just died in Vienna whose name deserves to be chronicled in all lands for the singular goodness of his life. Ferdinand Reidt has been known in his own city as "The Father of the Orphans" for nearly half a century. He was a man of considerable means, and was happily married, but it was a great grief to him and his wife that they continued to be childless.

Herr Reidt said to his wife: "Since we are not to have any children of our own, can we not be parents to some of those who are fatherless and motherless?" He was a man of action, and began at once to carry his conception into practice.

He began by taking fatherly charge of two or three orphans, but his zeal and repute increased to such an extent that at the time of his death he was the legal guardian of more than a thousand fatherless children. Those whom he adopted in this manner were not fitfully taken up and then let drop, but he kept conscientious watch and ward over them from their early education until their marriage or their start in adult life at the close of their apprenticeship.

He never sought fame or publicity, and took no credit to himself for his devotion to those who had no natural claim upon him.

Now that he is departed, however, every one speaks of his singular life, its quietness, and yet restless energy, its conscientiousness and severe fidelity to his self-imposed obligations.

He began by asking as a favor to be accepted as the "honorary guardian" of two or three orphans, and the calling which he had thus taken up for his own satisfaction, as he put it, was in time regarded by many of his fellow-citizens as a sort of official occupation which he was bound to fulfill.

Herr Reidt had an especial tenderness towards illegitimate children, who, from no fault of their own, started life under a heavy shadow. His courage was equal to his tenderness. When he could discover the father of an illegitimate child, he would seek the man out and deal plainly with him as to the duty which he had incurred by his sin. In this way he often compelled fathers to look after their own children, who would otherwise have fallen under the hard discipline of the official guardians of such unwelcome additions to the population.

Congress Should Order them Sold.

[Washington Gazette.]

Few are aware that in the broad vaults of the Treasury are deposited for keeping a large quantity of diamonds and other precious stones. Among them is a bottle four or five inches long filled with diamonds, and there are many other kinds of precious stones. Some of them are set in gold ornaments, intended for personal wear.

The first collection of which we have any authentic account has been in the custody of the Treasury officials for over forty-five years. They were sent to President Van Buren by the Imaum of Oman, whose capital city of Muscat, in Arabia, on the Persian gulf, is the most widely known of all Arabian cities as to outsiders. The Imaum having found that Martin Van Buren was two-fold sharper, keener, subtler, and dandier than he was himself, sent these diamonds and pearls to him. As the Constitution expressly forbade any person connected with the Government accepting any present or decoration from any foreign power or potentate without express authority of Congress, the jewels were turned over to the Treasury, where they are now.

But the Imaum's gift is not all. There are in the collection superb jewels received at other times and in various ways. Torquoises, blue as Syrian summer skies; emeralds like the reflection of Ireland's green turf in her crystal-waved lakes; rubies, Oriental rubies that flash a world of liquid crimson light till the eye grows dim with gazing; sapphires; pearls as white as the foam of the sea, and opals that shimmer with resinous radiance as only the precious opal can; all these are there. There are many quaint ornaments, jewels, brooches and rings' and sword hilts; bediamonded creeces brought from the Malay isles by Wilkes, and lots of other rare and valuable trinkets. They have no definite owners, and are placed in the Treasury vaults because they are too valuable to throw away, and nobody dares to claim them because nobody has any right to them.

THE TRICKS OF CROOKS.

Some of the Strait-Cut Ways of Very Crooked People.

A detective gives the following information of the workings of professional thieves:

"A woman or may be two will arrive in a city from—no matter where. They generally have four or five trunks with them. They put up at some fashionable private boarding house, dress in the fashion, and go shopping nearly every day. Their stay in the city is governed by the length of time it takes to fill their trunks. They never come home from a shopping expedition without a good haul. Now, you wonder how they manage to take the goods unobserved. In the first place, they are as quick as lightning almost, and no movement of the clerk escapes their eyes. The latter, as a rule, is entirely unsuspicious of his richly attired customers, and waits on them with the utmost respect, while whole webs of silk and yards of lace are being stolen right before his eyes."

"But how do they manage to conceal so much?"

"Easily enough. Under their rich and costly silk dresses are thick, heavy skirts, in which are huge bags or pockets. Cleverly concealed slits in the dresses communicate with these pockets, and the goods go in with the utmost ease. Generally one does the stealing while the other engages the clerk's attention."

"How do they dispose of the plunder?"

"Oh, they deal with the 'fences' with whom they have made a previous agreement, and they fill their orders just the same as any well regulated business concern, only they have a larger margin to work on than regular business people. The fence generally keeps a store, and the women have their trunks taken there and unpacked. This is the reason peddlers can sometimes undersell storekeepers. They get the goods cheap, and can afford to sell cheap."

"Do men ever practice shoplifting?"

"Very rarely. You see a man has no chance to conceal the goods. The male rogues prefer other business, such as till tapping, 'shoving the queer,' or better still, exploring the money vaults of some rich banker. The old method of entering the house through the scuttle is not practiced now as much as formerly."

"What means are commonly employed in effecting an entrance?"

"Skeleton keys are mostly used. Sometimes a man gains access to a house during the day and at night lets in an accomplice. Together they noiselessly do the house. In the morning the inmates find their treasures gone, and the papers chronicle another 'mysterious robbery.'"

"How do the bank-robbers manage to open safes which are secured with combination locks?"

"They don't undertake to unlock the safes. They simply blow them open. There is another way of getting money out of the bank, however, which is more popular and not attanded with so great a risk."

"What is it?"

"A man dressed in an office coat and skull cap stands in the hall leading to some banking establishment. A lady enters and draws $300 or perhaps $400. As a rule, she will place the money in her bank book if it is in bills. She is just about to enter her carriage when she is touched on the shoulder. She turns and lo, our friend of the skull cap stands before her. 'Excuse me, madam,' he says; 'but the clerk has made a mistake, and begs that you will return the book a moment.' She hands him the book and money. He disappears in the bank, and is seen no more. The lady waits until tired, visits the bank and finds she has been swindled. The clever operator simply passed through the bank and out of another door, where an accomplice waited with coat and hat. In a moment they were lost sight of in the throng. In nine cases out of ten money stolen in this manner is never recovered. It is an old game, but people are slow in learning it.

A Four-Footed Cook.

Not long ago I was re-perusing Harrison Ainsworth's story of 'Windsor Castle,' and, in his description of King Henry the Eighth's kitchen, noticed the following;—

"Behind the cook stood the cellarman, known by the appellationof Jack and the Bottles, and at his feet were two playful little turnspits, with long backs and short forelegs, as crooked almost as sickles."

This reference to the turnspits brought to my recollection some particulars regarding the useful, but hardworked, little creatures that in olden days were to be found so frequently in the kitchens of large English houses.

If the reader has observed the ugly, little long-backed, crooked-legged creature which among certain classes of the community, has lately driven both the pug and the collie out of favor as dogs of fashion, a very fair notion may be formed of the appearance of the turnspit.

He was exactly like the fashionable pet of to-day.

Upon the wall, and close beside the capacious fireplaces that were so common in the kitchen of former times, there used to be an open-cage-like wheel, having a card or belt communicating with a meat-roasting contrivance, placed in front of the fire. The rotating motion of the meat before the fire was sustained by the movement of the wheel on the wall.

The work of the little turnspit was carried on in the inside of the wheel.

When a joint had to be roasted, he was captured and placed in the apparatus, which he had to keep continually in motion, much in the same way as a convict works on the treadmill.

Not until the food was fully cooked was he released.

The creatures knew their work well, but never liked it. Many stories are extant regarding the unwillingness of turnspits to enter upon their laboriously monotonous task.

Whenever they suspected that their services were required, they adopted all sorts of expedients to avoid impressment. Hiding was their favorite trick, but there were many other ways in which they strove to delude their pursuers.

The dogs were usually kept in couples, and had to take their regular turns at the wheel.

They seemed to be perfectly aware when it was their turn to go to work. If it was, they would hide; if it wasn't, they would play unconcernedly about the kitchen whilst the other hid.

Any attempt to make them work out of turn was violently resented. There is a story told of a turnspit that was compelled to go into the wheel when his companion could not be found having, after his release, searched out the delinquent and fought and killed him.

Not Much Difference.

[Edmund Yates.]

"The wives and daughters of second rate Americans are quite as pretty, clever, and accomplished as their sisters above the line of 'upper-ten-dom,' but, owing to the fact of 'pa's pile' being of only recent formation, have not had the advantage of being brought up in Europe and European ways. Hence, despite beauty, knowledge, and talent, they lack the repose and other things which mark the cast of Vere de Vere.

Their toilets are apt to be amazing, and their diamonds to rival an exhibition of lighthouse apparatus. Nevertheless they tower over their husbands, fathers, and brothers. The latter have been sent into a counting house too soon to have acquired even the varnish of good breeding.

They dress very much like a barber's block, and talk more nonsense than could be imagined.

It is a little odd that the Western man, who supplies Presidents and leading men to the United States Senate, should not be a success on the European grand tour. His cleverness is undeniable, for he has made a superb fortune, but he is obviously out of his element in the old Continent. A life divided between business and home politics leaves little leisure for cultivating the subjects on which Europeans love to dilate.

Longings.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to retire Thus, although the whole life is allowed by everyone to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious.

We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter day.

The politician would be contented to lose three years of his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time.

The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments there are to pass before the next meeting.

Thus, as far as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster that it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time as though a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at these several little settlements or imaginary points of rest.

His Mother's Touch.

Dr. Franklin denied the existence of such a sense as personal or filial instinct. He bassed his conclusion on his own experience—one time he visited his mother, after years of absence, and the old lady did not recognize him, though at the intercession of her gentleman lodgers with whom he spent the evening, the 'stranger' stayed all night. Belief in such an instinct is, however, a pleasant one, and the evidence at least probable. Frank Moore relates this affecting instance of a dying son's recognition of his mother:

In one of the fierce engagements near Mechanicsville, a young lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of a shell, that on reaching Washington, after one of those horrible ambulance rides and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude, composed himself to bear his suffering alone.

Unknown to him, however, his mother, who had read the report of his wound, was hastening to see him. She reached Washington about midnight, and the nurse would have kept her from seeing her son until morning.

One sat by his side fanning him, as he slept, her hand on the feeble, fluctuating pulse. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother then? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take the place at his side.

She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken; but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said:

"That feels like my mother's hand; who is this beside me? It is my mother. Turn up the gas and let me see mother."

The two dear faces met in one long, joyous, sobbing embrace.

The gallant fellow, just twenty-one, had his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and at last when death drew nigh, resigned himself in peace, saying: "I have faced death too often to fear it now."

The Cave-Men.

[Atlantic Monthly.]

The bones and implements of the Cave-men are found in association with remains of the reindeer and bison, the arctic fox, the mammoth, and the woolly rhinoceros. They are found in great abundance in southern and central England, in Belgium, Germany and Switzerland, and in every part of France; but nowhere as yet have their remains been discovered south of the Alps and Pyrenees.

A diligent exploration of the Pleistocene caves of England and France, during the last twenty years, has thrown some light upon their mode of life.

Not a trace of pottery has been found anywhere associated with their remains, so that it is quite clear that the Cave-men did not make earthenware vessels. Burnt clay is a peculiarly indestructible material, and where it has once been in existence it is sure to leave plentiful traces of itself.

Meat was baked in the caves by contact with hot stones, or roasted before the blazing fire. Fire may have been obtained by friction between two pieces of wood, or between bits of flint and iron pyrites.

Clothes were made of the furs of bisons reindeer, bears, and other animals, rudely sewn together with threads of reindeer sinew. Even long fur gloves were used, and necklaces of shells and of bear's and lion's teeth.

The stone tools and weapons were far finer in appearance than those of the Riverdrift men, though they were still chipped, and not ground. They made borers and saws as well as spears and arrow-heads; and besides these stone implements they used spears and arrows headed with bone, and daggers of reindeer antler.

The reindeer, which thus supplied them with clothes and weapons, was also slain for food; and, besides, they slew whales and seals on the coast of the Bay of Biscay, and in the rivers they speared salmon, trout and pike. They also appear to have eaten, as well as to have been eaten by, the cave-lion and cave-bear. Many details of their life are preserved to us through their extraordinary taste for engraving and carving. Sketches of reindeer, mammoths, horses, cave-bears, pike and seals, and hunting scenes have been found by the hundred, incised upon antlers or bones, or sometimes upon stones; and the artistic skill which they show is really astonishing.

Most savages can make rude drawings of objects in which they feel a familiar interest, but such drawings are usually excessively grotesque, like a child's attempt to depict a man as a sort of figure eight, with four straight lines standing forth from the lower half to represent the arms and legs. But the Cave-men, with a piece of sharp-pointed flint, would engrave, on a reindeer antler, an outline of a urus so accurately that it can be clearly distinguished from an ox or a bison. And their drawings are remarkable not only for their accuracy, but often equally so for the taste and vigor with which the subject is treated.

Boys' Books.

[Albany (N. Y.) Register.]

What books shall we get for the boys? Not "gift books," necessarily, but library books; books to read. There are plenty of attractive volumes now upon the booksellers' counters, rich in fine type and paper, and profuse in artistic illustration and there are besides a host of cheaper publications which but weakly support the bright promise conveyed by the striking pseudo-Japanese designs upon the covers, and some, less pretentious, but more valuable republications of juvenile classics.

But, "Which shall we choose?" is the question which of old starved the mule between two hay-stacks. There is so much chaff; how shall we find the wheat? It is well to remember that there are, after all, very few good and noble books compared to the many whose making has yet no end. So, in choosing a book for a boy or a girl, avoid everything that has the appearance of trash or silliness. Be sure that it was honestly written, not made up like a bread-pudding, of stale crusts, milk and water, and sweetening, with here and there a raisin.

Publishers have a way now of re-using illustrations that have done long service in other works, and mixing them together with a thin batter of conversation and perhaps absurd adventure, with here and there a historical story to stand for Jack Horner's plum.

Try a healthy boy with a real thing. You can not teach him to ride by showing him ponies and pretty saddles and whistling riding whips. If he likes romance, give him Rob Roy, or Waverly. If he has a tendency to study character, let him read Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Bleak House, Martin Chuzzlewit, The Newcomes, and Henry Esmond. (Will such books ever be old?)

If he has an ineradicable taste for adventure and travel, try him with Sir Samuel Baker, Bayard Taylor, or Marco Polo. If he has any interest in history, foster it with Irving, Prescott, Ferguson, Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Macaulay or Green, but let it be one that, after a little trial, he will take an interest in.

A boy big enough to read words of four syllables will be too proud to touch a five-cent story paper, after having once tasted such food as this. He will find himself possessed of the lamp of Aladdin, if you thus give him the real thing, the genuine treasures of literature, no "new lamps for old." His studies will take a new aspect to him. His geography will have new interest, the red and blue countries of the map will be peopled with wonderful people, and the spider-web oceans will be alive with the ships of Columbus, Raleigh, Hudson and Drake, the Spanish armada and the "Beggars of the Sea." His history will be changed by the magic fire of immortal minds, from cold gray ashes to bright shining gold, and through the living pages will walk the men and women who have made themselves and their countries great and our presence here a possibility.

A Boy's Fertile Brain.

[Boston Post.]

There's no telling just what turn a boy's dispositon to deviltry will take. He's liable to bring in a fox trap and set it in the bureau drawer to catch rats, and get his dad's fingers gnawed to the bone by it, when the old man goes to get a clean shirt. He's liable to leave a beer bottle on the stairs where the chambermaid will step on it and get slung, top side down, to the botton. He's liable to buy an ugly bull dog, and bring it home and put it in the hired man's bed, so that when the hired man comes in late at night, he'll get the back of his night gown chawed out, and have a beastly time. A boy is liable to do any such thing.

Yesterday, a South End boy took a notion to put tar on his father's hair brush. Ten minutes later, the old man ran in to slick up a little before running for a train. He had a miserable time of it, anyhow, getting his suspenders tangled and losing his collar button, and when he came to brush his hair he hadn't a minute to lose.

At the first lick, the brush stuck to his hair, and he came near yanking a lot out by the roots. He didn't know what made it stick, but it stuck. He tugged away at it, but it only hurt like fury and wouldn't come out. Then he pulled on it in the opposite direction, and only caught more hair in the net. He got wild. He tried water to soak it off and nearly strangled himself in the bath tub, and got his clean shirt bosom all wet. But the hair brush still held its grip. He swore fluently at intervals, and caused himself excruciating pain, but he couldn't make it budge. He pranced about in an agony of wrath, and made the house howl.

His wife came in and said: "John, you've only 10 minutes to get to the depot."

"You old fool, I know it!" he yelled, "but I can't go with this brush stuck to my head."

"I'll get it off," she said. She grabbed it and it came; so did about a handful of hair. Whew! How he howled! He cussed the woman till she vowed she'd get a divorce. Then he went to doctoring his head, but he couldn't get the tar out of his hair, and didn't for a week. Did he catch the train? No.

The Town Where Shylock Did Business.

[Bill Nye, in St. Paul Herald.]

Venice is the name of the Venetian, and also where the gondola has its nest and rears its young. It is also the headquarters for the paint known as Venetian red. They use it for painting the town on festive occasions. This is the town where the Merchant of Venice used to do business, and the home of Shylock, a broker, who sheared the Venetian lamb at the corner of the Rialto and the Grand Canal. He is now no more. I couldn't even find an old neighbor near the Rialto who remembered Shylock. From what I can learn of him, however, I am led to believe that he was pretty close in his deals, and liked to catch a man in a tight place and then make him squirm. Shylock, during the great panic in Venice many years ago, it is said, had a chattel mortgage on more lives than you could shake a stick at. He would loan a small amount to a merchant at three per cent. a month, and secure it on a pound of the merchant's liver, or by a cut-throat mortgage on his respiratory apparatus. Then, when the paper matured, he would go up to the house with a pair of scales and a pie knife and demand a foreclosure.

A Prospective Calico Boom.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, has been calculating what the effect on the calico trade would be if the people of the Congo, who are now clothed chiefly in sunshine can be induced to wear American and English print.

He says that if every inhabitant of the Congo basin should have one Sunday dress every year more than 300,000,000 yards of cotton cloth or calico would be required; if two Sunday and four everyday dresses were used the enormous total of 3,800,000,000 yards, of the approximate value of $80,000,000 would be required.

He estimated that a trade of $130,000,000 annually could be secured, and said that it was the easiest matter in the world to induce Africans to wear cotton, when the basin of the Congo would be more profitable to England than even India.

Pioneer Religion.

[Bloomington Eye.]

Those who congregate every Sabbath in their fine religious temples of the east and go to sleep in their velvety and inviting pews, can know but little of the singular customs that beset the pioneer, who seeks to do obeisance to God in his own peculiar style. The editor of The Eye was once in Leadville, when that sprightly city was only a camp. Sunday came and he went to "meetin'," as 'tis called there in the Rockies. The congregation was a motly one, and looked more like a mob of lynchers than seekers after Divine consolation. The preacher was a poorly paid, grizzly old coon, who worked in the mines on week days and preached on Sunday. The sermon was characteristic of the country, the time and place. The minister went through a bit of preliminary prayer and song, and then he began:

Pals and palesses, the Bible says be good and you will be happy. The Bible is a squar deal, you bet your boots, and make no mistake. O! it's the boss trick to be good when yer got ter pass in yer chips. I tell ye pards there's rich diggings over there. You kin strike pay dirt thar most any whar. They don't salt the claims, and nobody jumps them either. A man can't help making a stake. The streets are full of the glitter, and it will assay twenty-four carats every crack and don't you forget it. Those who go in cahoots with the devil are pretty sure to get left. So boys when you have to go up the flume and cross the range to wind up business with the Lord, don't fail to have the keerds stocked in your favor. I am not much of a gospil sharp, not so much as a seven spot, but I will bet ten dollars to five that what I've said is squar, and leave it to the Bible. If anybody's doubtin', let him whack up or shut up, this camp don't do no thirty day business. I'le risk my pile on every word I've chipped in, and that's the kind of a cat I am. Prospectin' for dust will be easier than playin' in the next world, you hear me shoutin.' When a man sees sin grippin' on ter him he orter buck again it and lay low. I ain't got no book larnin', but I know what's what, when it comes down to Bible talk. A good man dies—perhaps with his boots on—and his spirit hops up the golden stairs to range around among the angels and play jewsharps fer pastime. Everybody plays and everything goes. * * * I have only told you a few plain truths, and now that the Gulch boys will be down in a few minets and the Dandy Jim and Parsons dog fight is soon to be fit, I move we adjourn, as I am stakeholder and referee. The meetin' stood dismissed.

Escapes of Great Men.

During the civil war, a young soldier was stationed with his regiment at Leicester at the time of its memorable siege. Sentinel duty was extremely hazardous, and recourse was had to drawing by lot the names of the new guard.

One night this young soldier's name was drawn. He was a mere boy of seventeen years; danger was nothing to him, and in a moment more he would have gone on duty, but a young friend, tired of inactivity in the camp, begged to go in his place, and he was allowed to do so.

That night the substitute was shot. The young seventeen-year-old whose place he took lived to become afterwards the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," the world-wide famous John Bunyan.

Nearly a hundred years ago, three young officers might have been seen struggling with the turning tide and nearly drowning off the island of St. Helena. One of them in particular was peculiarly helpless. Yet he was saved, and afterwards become the world-renowned warrior, Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

In the last century a young fellow landed from an English ship Bombay. He had a mean, poorly-paid position in the great East India Company's service. Disgusted with his prospects and hopeless, half-sick and angry at "fate" he walked out of the city and put a revolver to his ear.

Snap! It failed to go off. Returning to his room he repeated the experiment. Snap! It failed to go off the second time; and the disheartened man, feeling that even death was against him, laid the pistol on the table.

Soon after a friend came in, took up the weapon pointed it out the window, and snap—it went off! The would-be suicide afterwards becoame Lord Clive, the conqueror of all India, the master of millions of people.

Two friends were walking along a highway in Germany, chattering together. A black cloud rolled up, and a terrific storm of thunder and lightning was quickly upon them. They were instantly drenched, for there was no shelter.

Suddenly a bolt shot out of the cloud and struck one of the friends dead on the spot. The other was Martin Luther, afterwards the founder of the "Reformation," and the most conspicions character of his century.

A monkey stole into a gentleman's house, in Huntington, and snatched a a baby out of the cradle, carrying the child to the top of the roof. Every moment the alarmed servants expected to see the baby tossed to the ground.

The attempts to rescue the child only served to madden the monkey. At last, in perfect safety, by an impulsive freak of kindness on the part of the animal, the future Oliver Cromwell, the baby in question, was returned to the empty cradle.

Life's Failures.

[Sunday Magazine.]

But how to bear failure? The best way is not to recognize the fact. Read history, and find that the failures have really advanced the world more than the successes. Columbus was a failure, Galileo was a failure, Savanarola was a failure—the two last especially, for they had not the courage of their convictions. If those three men had at any time been gifted with second-sight, and had seen the place they were to fill in history, it might have consoled them; but no doubt every one of them died of a broken heart, convicted in his own mind of failure.

The blind goddess hides her favors behind a terrible failure sometimes. One of the best scholars that West Point ever produced spent the whold period of our war underground, building works in the uncertain earth of Vicksburg, and the like. He saw all the boys whom he had distanced at the academy ride on to glorious victory with all the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of war, while he burrowed like a mole, and hid his talents underground. When the war was over there was no increase of rank or pay for the industrious and gifted engineer, and he had no reward but that of his own conscience. How many fourth rate men became generals while he was in that mud? What an instance of the apparent injustice of fate! He was sensible enough to retire from so ungrateful a profession, and to take up one in which he has met with no failures.

Wendell Phillips, in one of his witty lectures, made an amusing catalogue of the hundred babies who should be born on some particular day in New York. Fifty were to be absolute failures, not able to take care of themselves at all; twenty-five more were to drag out a hard-working existence, just keeping body and soul together; fifteen more were to be speculators, inventors, dreamy and impracticable, but able men; and the remaining ten were to be successful men, "if, indeed, anybody can be called a successful man," added the lecturer.

It is curious to see the successful man with his satellites—the failures—hanging on to him; some who cannot work and some who will not work, all needing help. The energetic, industrious, successful man goes pulling his adherents through the world as some smart steam-tug goes pulling its lazy freight through the still waters of the Hudson, or in the busy waters of the bay. It is astonishing how generously and unquestioningly the successful man adapts himself to his burden. Does he never ask himself "Why should I help these people? why should they not help me?" Apparently not; he accepts his destiny as unquestioningly as the steam-tug does. The inertia of the one is the complement of the energy of the other.

The Pelele.

The pelele is the most extraordinary addition to the charms of the Makoude women. This is a circular piece of wood variously carved and adorned and generally about two inches in diameter. It is worn in the upper lip, which, of course, becomes enormously extended to receive it, and which appears simply like an india-rubber band round the ornament.

Of course, the intersection of so large a piece of unyielding material is a prolonged operation. The process commences in childhood by the insertion of a wooden pin. As the girl grows this is removed and a larger one put in, until, at the age of 18, the pelele has attained its full size.

In early womanhood the upper lip, with its strange embellishment, sticks straight out from the face, and when seen a little way off appears not unlike a duck's bill.

In more advanced years, however, the lip hangs down, quite covering the mouth—indeed, actually covering the chin. At this state it irresistably reminds one of the snout of a tapir, and the resemblance is made still more striking by the flatness of the nose and the thickness of the lips.

These extraordinary ornaments are highly prized by the Makoude, and I found it quite impossible to obtain more than a single specimen, and that had not even been worn. It was believed that if a pelele fell into my possession I would certainly work some black magic on the seller, and produce dire mischief generally. Doubtless they are the more prized by the wives, because they are invariably the handiwork of their husbands. A Makoude lady would no more think of disposing of her pelele than an European lady of her marriage ring. When a woman dies this much-prized adornment is always most religiously preserved by her husband or near relatives.

The Coming Man.

Small boy—"Mamma, I wish I had the moon."

Mamma—"Why, what would you do with it?"

Small boy (who has just demolished a toy balloon)—"Oh, I'd blow it up and bust it."

"Now, then," said a Sunday school teacher, who was trying to explain a miracle to her class, "how do you account for Peter being able to walk on the surface of the water?"

"I know," said a little bright-eyed boy, whose father lost a limb at the siege of Vicksburg.

"Well, how do you account for Peter walking on the water?"

"He had cork legs and they wouldn't let him sink!" said the little fellow, triumphantly.

Mother—"There is a rat in that closet; I must get a cat without delay."

Young American—"Oh, no, mamma, get a Chinaman."

A little American boy who was reading a newspaper, paused in his labors, and asked:

"Pa, does Hon. in front of a man's name stand for honest?"

As pa happened to be a member of the Texas Legislature, he answered right up, and said that it did.

"Ma," said Johnny, one Saturday morning; "where do good little boys go?"

"To heaven, I suppose," replied ma.

"I don't mean when they're dead," answered Johnny, in a tone of disgust; "where do they go when they're alive?"

"I don't know," remarked the mother, absently. "I suppose they stay at home with their mammas."

"Oh," said Johnny; "oh, I thought maybe their mammas sometimes took 'em to the theater."

Johnny's mother caught on.